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EMIGRATION.



We have introduced here an illustration, exhibiting a family emigrating to the west. The engraving is a day scene, in which is seen the emigrant, with a gun upon his shoulder, and his faithful dog by his side, leading the way, followed by a single horse and wagon, bearing his family, and perhaps all his earthly possessions. It is a picture of but one among thousands who leave the endearments of home, the luxuries of cultivated and commercial regions, teeming with population, for the wilds of the west. The rough road, the umbrageous forest, the gushing stream, and the treeless prairie, are no impediments to deter him from his purpose of finding some eligible spot where he may pitch his tent, rear his cabin, sow his seeds, and reap rich harvests, thus forming a nucleus for a thriving community and finally a new state to be

added to the confederacy—a new star to our national banner. How many, very many, in humble life, have thus left the Atlantic states, where they were scarcely known amid the multitude, pitched their tents upon the virgin soil of the Mississippi valley, where the foot of the white man had never before trodden, and in a few years found themselves surrounded with all the comforts of life, called upon to take an active part in the political affairs of the state or territory wherein they had settled, and frequently again sent eastward to sit in the national council. There are many, very many, who “go to the west,” with high anticipations of making speedy fortunes, without counting the cost. In their estimate of results they omit the many privations to which they will be exposed, and value too lightly the lessons of experience read to them by

predecessors. They forget, in their day-dreams of gain, that they are about to exchange a pleasant mansion for a cheerless log-cabin; the privileges of social intercourse and religious association, for almost utter solitude; and a life of comparative ease for the most arduous physical labor. They look upon the bright tints of the picture, and seldom glance at the umber to which the finger of experience would point them. These are they who return from the west sadly disappointed in their hopes and expectations, and are for ever croaking about its unhealthy climate, barren soil, and other equally grievous complaints. But he who goes, with the expectation of laboring hard, living prudently, managing wisely, and selects his locality with judgment, may be sure of receiving a bountiful return for his sacrifices.

There are millions of acres of land in our western states and territories, with a garden-like soil, that yet remain untouched by implements of culture, which may be purchased at the government price (one dollar and a quarter per acre) where no greater objections to the climate can be made than against any other sections of the Union; and far better would it be for the individuals and the public, if the floating population of our cities would act wisely and suffer themselves to drift westward with what little pecuniary means they may have. Many foreigners will land upon our shores with sufficient ready money to purchase land enough to yield them a comfortable subsistence; but instead of availing themselves of this advantage, they unwisely seek employment in our cities, soon spend their small means, and live year after year amid the miseries of hopeless poverty.

The cost of transition from the Atlantic states to the fertile regions of the western states, is now quite trifling for so great a distance, and hence emigrants who come with some money in their pockets, have no excuse for enduring the miseries of obtaining a precarious existence in our cities.

TALES.

OUR VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Why weep ye then, for him, who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set."
BRYANT.

THE master of our village post-office for many years past was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village postmaster. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbors' affairs, he holds the key to all their correspondences. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating; he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband; but most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters, and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is first known the results of a village belle's foray through a neighboring district. Our young deputy-postmaster rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but, whenever sympathy was permitted his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbors suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart than Loyd B——'s—never a truer mirror than his face.

Every family, however insignificant in the stranger's eye, has a world of its own. The drama and the epic have their beginning, their middle, and their end in the material world. The true story of human relations never ends, and this seal of immortality it is, that gives a dignity and interest to the affections of the humble and unknown, be-

yond that which fiction and poetry, even when it makes gods and heroes its actors, can attach to qualities and passions that are limited to this world stage. This intrinsic dignity I claim for the subjects of my humble village tale.

Loyd B——'s father, Colonel Jesse B——, belonged to that defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the state in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and, though he afterwards inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste—the prescribed courtesies of the old regime with the neatly tied cue, and the garment that has given place to the levelling pantaloons.—He even persevered in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming, among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, a universal good will. The Colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortunately or unfortunately each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country; and consequently, at threescore and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the sea, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of postmaster; and, as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office has of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the addition of his pension as a revolutionary officer, made the Colonel "passing rich"; for by this time his sons and daughters were married, and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and the youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. "Passing rich" we say, and repeat it, was the Colonel. Those who have never seen an income of a few hundred dollars well administered in rural life can have no conception of the comfort and independence, nay, luxury, it will procure. In the first place, the staples of life, space, pure air, sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of Providence. Then when, as with the Colonel, there are no vices to be pampered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that money can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Cæsars of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented Colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came, for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day—a disastrous fear that the morrow might not take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature (the Colonel was addicted to such indulgences,) he had allowed himself to adopt a little, destitute orphan-girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone,

and proved so dutiful and so helpful, that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her—was a pretty very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost the favor some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty.—Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. B—— insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Loyd B—— never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call auburn red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such "dainty spirits" as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

"Lina, my child," said the old lady, one evening just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the tea-things, our "neat-handed lass was arranging." "Lina, do you expect Mr. Lovejoy this evening?"

"No, ma'am."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"No, ma'am; I never expect him again."

"You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?"

Lina smiled, and Mrs. B—— continued; "I fear you have not duly considered, Lina."

"What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?"

"We can't afford always, my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of husbands to his first wife."

"That was a very good reason why she should love him, ma'am."

Mrs. B—— proceeded without heeding the emphasis on *she*. "He has but three children, and two of them are out of the way."

"A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma'am, to give either to father or children for taking the place of mother to them."

"But there are few that are calculated for the place;—you are cut out of a step-mother, Lina—just the right disposition for step-mother, or step-daughter."

Paulina's ideas were confused by the compliment and she was on the point of asking whether step-daughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings.

"I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love."

"For what then, ma'am, should I marry him?" asked Lina, suspending her housewife labors, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron.

"Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home."

"Marry to get a home, Mrs. B——! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg to get a home, sooner than marry to get one;—and, besides, have I not the pleasantest home in the world? thanks to your bounty and the Colonel's."

Mrs. B—— sighed, took Lina's fair, chubby

hand in hers, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the Colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's infinite embarrassment, joined in it.

"I am disappointed, Lina," he said; "it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband—you are easily suited, with every thing else."

"But I don't want a husband, Sir."

"There's no telling how soon you may, Lina; I feel myself to be failing daily, and when I am gone, my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother."

"Can I not help him? Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?" thought Paulina; but she hemmed and coughed, and said nothing.

"It would be a comfort to me," continued the old man, "to see you settled in a home of your own before I die." He paused, but there was no reply. "I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—as Loyd said, 'he had more gab than wit'; nor when poor Charles Mosely was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did Miss B——, and so did Loyd, as if we could not have you go so far away from us; but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the county; he is none of your flighty, here-to-day and gone-to-morrow folks, but a substantial, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd said—" Here the brands fell apart; and, while Paulina was breathless to hear what Loyd said, the old Colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. "As I was saying, my child," he resumed; "my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—"

What Loyd thought Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd B—— was of the Edwin or Wilfred order, one of those humble and generous spirits that give all, neither asking nor expecting a return. He seemed born to steal quietly and alone through the shady paths of life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion or application of any sort. A merciful Providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Loyd B——, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquillity of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy, and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post-office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment, if it was not virtue, it was

happiness, for, till of late he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

"Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "you have come just in the right time—but where is Lina gone?"

"She went out as I came in, Sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping."

"Weeping!" echoed the Colonel; and "Weeping!" re-echoed the old lady; and "Could we have hurt her feelings?" asked both in the same breath.

"Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?"

"Nothing, Loyd—nothing—nothing—don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer." Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye riveted on his mother, till she added, "But somehow it seems as if she could not any way feel to it."

"Thank God!" murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and to both it was a revelation. The Colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads.—But there were good reasons why the Colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most frugal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no counsel from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The Colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said, "Are you attached to Lina, my son?" he used the word in its prescriptive rustic sense.

"Yes, Sir."

"Strange I never mistrusted it!—how long have you been so Loyd?"

"Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another."

"Do you know what Lina's feelings are?"

"No, Sir."

"But surely you can guess Loyd," interrupted his mother.

"I can hope, mother—and I do."

"The sooner, my son, you both get over it the better for there is no kind of a prospect for you."

"My child," said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, "trust in Providence—our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be?—Loyd now does the business of the post-office;—while I live they can share with us, and, when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd."

Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing

arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse replied;

"The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson's heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?"

"My dear child!"

"Well, my dear, do hear me out; don't the loaves and fishes all go one side of the table?"

"Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear."

"Well, my dear, old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a Revolutionary officer."

"I am sure he has proved that he *would* not."

"No, my dear, *could* not. Why, even his own party—and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts—"

"About like the other party, my dear."

"My dear! how can you say so!—Why, his own party are the most violent, given-over, as it were, and low-lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office."

"They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends, and kind neighbors among them; there's Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton."

"Mr. Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, everybody knows, and everybody says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this last dozen years to step into your shoes. The post-office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a snug man, and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he *ought* to have the office.—And, besides, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper? and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words! you won't be cold before Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town."

"I don't believe it, my dear; I don't feel as if Lyman Barton would ask for the office."

"Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be—you may laugh—I mean I shall see, if I am spared—you always have, Colonel, just such a blind faith in everybody."

"My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that ever I had an enemy."

While this conversation was in progress, there was a *tete-a-tete*, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both finding a mine of the only riches they coveted, "dared be poor" in this world's poor sense. Secured by the good Colonel's indulgence, for the present they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table; and there is always a

cover awaiting the frugal and industrious labourer (or even gleaner) in her fruitful fields. Any thing short of absolute want perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh ye perjured traffickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts,—hearts! they are not articles of commerce—buyers and sellers of the bodies that might envelop and contain celestial spirits, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow your home, that temple of the affections, which God himself has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends wotted not of the miseries of artificial life. These had never even crossed the threshold of their imaginations. The Colonel gave his hearty consent for the asking, and his prudent helpmate was too true-hearted a woman to withhold hers. There are those wise as serpents, if not harmless as doves, in village life; and such shook their heads, a wondered if the Colonel calculated to live and be postmaster for ever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when everybody knew it was just promised to Mr. Barton! Loyd B——, a steady, consistent (our own side is always consistent) whig, expect the tender mercies of the Jackson party! No, Loyd B—— indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by "old Massachusetts, through her obstinate or her consistent opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or—prejudice. To confess the truth, he thought little about the future, and not at all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature

"Ne'er to forget her wif's sorrow and care;
But gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along."

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted—the publishment pasted on the church door—and the wedding-cake made. Never had the Colonel seemed better and brighter; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock at human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Colonel B—— was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe, or, if we had, how could we describe the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed?—Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some degrees below eipher, and the gusty, cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good Colonel.

There is a reality in the honor that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner.

The custom, growing in some of our cities, of private funerals, of limiting the attendants to the family and nearest friends of the deceased, is there in good taste. The parade of ceremony, the pomp of numbers, the homage of civility, and all the show and tricks of hollow conventional life are never more out of place, never more revolting, than where death has come with its resistless power and awful truth. But a country funeral has, besides its quality of general sorrow, somewhat of the nature of the Egyptian court that sat upon the merits of the dead. The simplicity and frankness of country life has truly exhibited the character of the departed, and if judged in gentleness (as all human judgments should be rendered) it is equitably judged.

The Colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to await the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment, in country phrase, the "dwelling-room." Within the little bed room sat the "mourners;" but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction—there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he had succoured, counselled, and watched over—there were those whom he had visited in prison;—there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention;—there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady friendship, for the good Colonel had a "skeptical smile" for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed

"some pulse of good must live
Within a human nature."

And there were children with wet eyes, for the rare old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and one, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered, "Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!"

And there, in the midst of this sad company, and with a face quite as sad as his neighbors', stood *Lyman Barton*. A little urchin, a particular friend of the old Colonel's, and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered,

"Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?"

"Why, Hal? why?"

"He is making believe cry, just like a crocodile! *Everybody* says he has written to old Jackson already to be made postmaster. I wish he was in the Colonel's place."

"You could not wish him in a better, my dear."

"Oh, I did not mean that! I did not mean that!"

He would have proceeded; but I shook my

head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

The funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sigh of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the Colonel's favorite cat, who jumped into her lap, and purred and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot, who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to ponder over some of his father's last words. "Of course, my children," he had said, "you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage,—for the present I mean.—It will be all, I am afraid more, than you can do Loyd, when the post-office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But don't be discouraged my children,—cast your care upon the Lord—something may turn up—wait—blessed are they who wait in faith."

Both promised to wait, and both, as they now revolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbors, and one of those everlasting meddlers in others' affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

"I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am," said he, shaking Mrs. B——'s extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavored to assume; "don't go out, Miss Paulina—what I have to communicate is interesting to you, as well as to the widow and son of the deceased."

"Some other time, Sir," interposed Loyd, whose face did not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and bustling manner of his visitor.

"Excuse me, Loyd—I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser—we must take time by the forelock; others are up and doing, why should we not be?"

Loyd now comprehended the Major's business, and, pained and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but, remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say,

"We are obliged to you, Major Perrit, but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening."

"Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd; but you

must not be more nice than wise. They must not get the start of us. I always told my wife it would be so, and now she sees I was right. I tell you, Loyd, in confidence, your honored father was not cold before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office." It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress a hem, at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor Colonel. "Barton's petition," continued Perrit, "will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours *must* go with it—here it is." He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. "A heavy list," he added—"but every one of them whigs; we did not ask a Jackson man—there would have been no use, you know; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose."

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, "This is too much, by George!—he has had the impudence to send you the petition."

"I could not have believed this of him," thought Loyd, as he broke the seal; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope;—he read them to himself, and then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud.

"MY DEAR FRIEND LOYD,

"Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the enclosed, that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve,

"I remain very truly yours,

"LYMAN BARTON."

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by *Lyman Barton*, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of post-master might be given to Loyd B—. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for the Colonel, and their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list, and exclaiming, "This is the Lord's hand! by George!" he seized his hat and departed, eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the village.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable.

"It is, indeed, in one sense," said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit, "the hand of the Lord; for He it is, that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness."

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed his gratitude, when he, that night, or the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was *equally* "blessed to give and to receive."

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding cake was cut, and *our village postmaster* is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities, to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imi-

tated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect, it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HOPE.

"Hope told a flattering tale."

I REMEMBER once reading a syllogism having reference to the above quotation, the substance of which is as follows "Hope is a flatterer." "All flatterers are liars." Therefore "Hope is a liar."

Without adopting the judgment in its full force I am still inclined to think it possesses more truth than fiction.

That "hope springs eternal in the human breast" is also a truism, and if we unite the spirit of the two quotations and apply it to the practice of the world, we shall find more truth in them than men are willing to acknowledge—and why? Because hope still continues to tell "flattering tales."

It begins in childhood and soothes our infant cries with its delusive promises. So, as we progress to boyhood our actions are still influenced by it; it gives us strength of endurance and enables us, to combat the to us dreadful trials of our school-going days, with the anticipations of the pleasures and power of manhood. When manhood arrives, we perceive not the phantom which we have pursued, we hardly noticed its disappearance, so much is our attention engrossed, so much is our fancy excited by the pleasing figures and fairy forms which still excite our glowing imaginations and allure us still farther from the realism of practical life.

Man has still to be delighted with the baby-dreams of childhood, he still needs promises—comforts and gew-gaws to excite his puerile propensities; but as he advances in life, he is approaching a crisis when no earthly gifts will avail him, and still his hope is undestroyed. This must still be amused. Promises are held out, some of which are as childish as those held out to puling infancy or prattling childhood. The instincts of sensual passion are to be gratified in a future life by the laughter of enemies, the pursuit of the chase or in the indulgence of wine and feasting.

Some there are who never throw off the small clothes of the nursery, but adorned with them strut in pigny greatness before their audience; who look on with sympathetic admiration.

This life may be compared to the issue of promissory notes which are never paid. Man is always sacrificing some present ease for a future good.—Every movement of a limb—every exertion of thought is influenced by some prospective benefit. Thus he is always receiving his "promise to pay" for which he gives some present exertion and but seldom realises the fulfilment of the promise.

No greater proof need be stated, of the flattering nature of these promises, than the diversified forms in which they appear to different individuals.—During life each man is promised what his heart most desires, not what is most judicious or most proper for him. While the statesman sees within his grasp the baton of power with which he may crash the energies of a people and fight his way to an ambitious elevation above the heads of his fel-

low-men; the humble peasant looks forward with fond anticipation to the time when he may be in possession of the small cot in which he will end his days. Seated by the flickering embers of his silent watch fire, the soldier pictures to himself the confused uproar and bloody scenes of a battle through which victory approaches, her garments covered with dust and blood, and proffers him the insignia of honor, the rewards of courage and daring; the beams of hope dance before his eyes but they bear an ensanguined hue and every object he may view through them partakes of their color. The humble pastor of Christ looks forward to the increase of love, peace and good will, his greatest endeavour to win souls to Christ—his greatest ambition the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

I think it is evident from these and similar instances that hope is not derived from external things, but is created and set in action by the peculiar conformation of the mind and depends on this for the continuance of its action.

This diversity of opinion becomes more apparent when it is applied to the prospects of a future state. Then we see that every nation differs, every religion differs, every creed differs, almost every family and every member of a family differs from the other.

Even amongst the most modern and enlightened creeds we find this diversity of opinion. From those who like the poor Blacksmith's wife expect in heaven to have on a clean apron every day and sing psalms; to the pious divine and philosopher, Dr. Dick, who argues that in a future state a knowledge of mathematics and the abstract sciences will be necessary for man to justly appreciate the wisdom goodness and omnipotence of the Almighty.

We do not deprecate the utility of Hope but we would have it directed to nobler objects. When there is hope there can be no content, for if a person is contented how can he desire a change. Those who place happiness in content much mistake the elements of happiness or missapply the term, content.

If a man is perfectly and passively content he must be void of all motives. For an action consequent to a motive presupposes an object in that motive—that object a desire which is not fulfilled, hence he is not perfectly content.

Then happiness does not consist in the absence of motives to action but in the presence of those whose results consist of an influence which is exerted for the best interests of the individual. Consequently hope when rightly directed to noble ends is one of the strongest means of human progress, as its effects are felt to the latest moments of existence.

J. D. C.

Yorkville, Racine Co. Wis. 1849.

LORD CLONMEL who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit used to be well satisfied, provided it was a *good one*. In his time, the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God! *Is this a good shilling?* Are the contents of this affidavit true? *Is this your name and handwriting?*"

MISCELLANY.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

How to Correct a Husband's Faults.

BY FANNY GRAY.

"Now, just look at you, Mr. Jones!—I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want?—Tell me, and I'll get it for you."

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

"There now! Just look at the hurrah's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife, mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones, to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband has thrown topsy-turvy.

"I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off in a huff.—But I won't have my things for ever in confusion."

In the mean time, Mr. Jones in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without a clean pocket-handkerchief for which he had been in search. Half of the afternoon passes before he gets over the ill humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is really sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong, for, every now and then, she utters some censure against the careless habits that were really annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and, sometimes, he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so?" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you had'n't a chance to try another," retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work basket, and the scattering of needles, cottons, scissors, wax, and a dozen little etceteras about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book, which he had intended reading; but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book himself.

It must be said that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed; as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handily as any one, but the thought of shutting either, never entered his mind. The frequent reproofs of his wife, such as—

"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or

"Please to shut that drawer, will you Mr. Jones?" or

"You are the most disorderly man in existence," or

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint,

Mr. Jones," produced no effect. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his life possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots on in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor, put his hat on the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing table or bureau—splashed the water about and spoiled the wall paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered every thing round him with blacking when he brushed his boots,—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a moment made him think seriously about reforming his bad habits.

One day he came in to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking chair; took off his hat and tossed it over upon the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up—and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table.—Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried.—The husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it on the mantle-piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet, from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but did not understand the expression of her face exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry, but hurt. After she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had spent nearly half an hour at the ironing table, and attempted to remove the dirt that the boots had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go into the washing tub before it would again be fit to wear.

"If you knew, Henry," she said, in a voice that touched her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular."

"Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Indeed you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save me a great deal. I shall have to wash out this dress myself, now, for the washer-woman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, hot as it is."

"I am very sorry, indeed Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess; and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend again."

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and each other. He had offended, and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed, and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other;—and they were more careful. In the exercise of self-denial, the change became radical.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE.

It was during the panic of 1836 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co. but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a great distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although, he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him: "You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because, if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money-dealer started.

"You seem surprised. you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored with a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen,

however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker began to feel interested and at once assented.

"Well, sir as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you my lad,' replied you, 'thank you, and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so,' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed: and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country and I lost sight of you. Yearly however I have been getting on, your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and brought it to lodge with you in case it can be of any use: here it is sir—here it is," and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call again," and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll: it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike boy is now grown into some \$200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.

In a town "away down east," there resides a certain M. D. who never had any particular desire to be disturbed after he had yielded to the influence of the "drowsy god." One very cold night last winter, he was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation, he arose and went to the window and yelled.

"Who's there?"

"Friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?" was the next inquiry.

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there then, and be hanged!" was the benevolent reply.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

It would take, we think, a pretty long sermon to illustrate the law of love, and point its application, more perfectly or more forcibly than is done in the following anecdote:

Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old what made everybody love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, papa unless it is because I love everybody."

"ORIGINAL" ANECDOTE.

"The number of witnesses," said a learned judge, "always increases the probability of a fact. Two are better than one, and three are better than two."

"I beg your pardon," said the prisoner at the bar. "If I publish a piece of mine in my news-

paper, and head it "Original," when other papers copy it, and declare it to be original, the less original it becomes."

"That is because the first one who copies it affirms to a lie," said the judge.

"That is just the way here, your honor," retorted the prisoner. "The first witness told the lie, and all the rest have sworn to it!"

DR. JOHNSON'S IDEA OF ELEGANCE.

DR. JOHNSON, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked, "The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on." Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on any thing calculated to attract notice; and yet, a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond.—Thus, while she avoids what is showy and attractive, every thing will be so adjusted as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

A YANKEE PREACHER ON PREDESTINATION.

LET us, for argument's sake, say, that I, Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned in the River at Smith's Ferry next Tuesday morning, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and suppose I know it, and suppose I am a free moral, voluntary and accountable agent—do you suppose that I am going to be drowned? I rather guess not; I should stay at home; and you will never catch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's Ferry, no how, nor near the river neither.

PRECEPT vs PRACTICE.

On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandywine, Hunt, who was called the "High Priest" by the army, (being 7 feet) had scarcely commenced praying to his regiment, when the firing began at a distance, rendering brevity necessary. He therefore concluded with these words:

"Remember bretheren, that those who die in battle sup with the Lord," and then turned and marched off—when the officer said:

"Parson are you not going to battle?"

"No, colonel, I am not," he replied, "for the Lord knows I never eat supper."

CONUNDRUMS.

"Gumbo! precede to divulge vy a henlock swamp is like a rooster?"

"I can't vindicate that prodabilliry, Cuff'jis gib us the fix fax on the subjee."

"Kase de crow comes from it!"

"Now let me ax you a cunderum."

"Vy is tunder like bread?"

"Vell, dispatch yourself: refine your persishen."

"Kase you can't hab it widout de litenin!"

"You Zeke?"

"What, ma?"

"Have you sanded your teeth and tallowed your hair?"

"Yes, ma."

"Tarred your boots and corked your eye brows?"

"Yes, ma."

"Then teazle your hat and go to meeting; we must be a fashionable as our neighbors."

A PIG JOKE? We had a hearty laugh the other day, at hearing a friend tell of a man who was attempting to put a "yoke on a pig." He had cornered the grunter, in a room having a glazed window, when the animal believing they were preparing to infringe upon his "full freedom," went with a single bound through the window.—"Drat it," said the old man looking after him for a moment in astonishment, "I've got your dimensions any how, seven by nine exzactly."

A CERTAIN linen-draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop.—She endeavoured to remind him that she had paid when he called some time ago; he declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance; on which she produced his receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, "I am sorry I did not recollect it."—To which the lady replied, "I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not re-collect it!"

WHILE the illustrious Reego was lying in a dungeon, just before his murder, a soldier, placing a sentinel over him, one day said,

"Were you not a prisoner. I would murder you."

"Were I not a prisoner," replied the noble Reego "you would not dare look me in the face."

THE only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors, are the assessors of taxes, for it is well known that they never "underrate" any body in the slightest degree.

It is well for the men that women do not know what tyrants they might be by being meek and gentle. They might have the world at their feet.

WOMEN who have curious eye-brows, will in all likelihood have eyelashes under them—and will be beloved, if any one takes a liking to them.

A RECENT philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned! "How?—how?—how?" we hear every body asking. Never run in debt.

WHY are a parcel of children like wafers? Because you have to lick 'em to make them stick to their letters.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. M. P. Frankfurt, N. Y. \$1.00; P. V. A. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$0.75.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, David Edward Funk to Juliet Elsworth, both of Germantown, N. Y. At Claverack, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. D. Robinson, Dr. T. Edgar Hunt, of N. Jersey, to Miss Cynthia, daughter of the Hon. John Martin, of the former place. At Greenport, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Polhemus Van Wyck, Mr. William T. Francisco, of Rhinebeck, to Miss Ellen Elting, of Bristol.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Sybil Thompson, of Dropsy on the heart, in the 74th year of her age. At West Troy, on the 15th ult. Henry Tobias, aged 38 years. At Troy, on the 5th inst. Doct. Peter W. Baringer, in the 42d year of his age. In New-York, on the 13th, Covington Guoin, of Congestion of the Brain, in the 33d year of his age. At Cannon, Illinois, on the 22d ult. Hon. William B. Peck, in the 71st year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

OUR LITTLE ELLA.

BY H. S. BALL.

WHEN the shades of evening gather,
Darkly over earth so fair;
Comes our little Ella to us,
Bending low in humble prayer—
With a voice of sweetest music,
And her hands clasp'd on her breast;
This the prayer, that's nightly rising,
From the angel in her breast;

"Heavenly Father! Bless my parents—
Bless my Father, Mother dear,
And while we are lost in slumber—
Let guardian angels hover near.
Should no morrow ever greet me,
In a world with sin oppress'd;
O! let Father, Mother meet me,
In the mansions of the blest."

With this earnest prayer uprising,
From her true and loving heart;
She smiling good night gives us,
And a kiss before we part.
Nought of earthly sorrow grieves us,
In an hour of joy so sweet,
While we hear her quiet breathing,
In a calm and gentle sleep.

With the morning's early dawning,
Went I up my child to greet,
Calmly, as in gentle slumber—
Smiling, as if dreaming sweet—
With a heartfelt prayer I blessed her,
And I kissed her brow so fair;
She woke not as I caressed her,
Cold, responseless lay she there.

Let there be for her no mourning—
To another parent's breast—
"Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."
Weep not for her, she has only,
Gone where happy spirits greet
And we shall, when grief is over,
In a sweet communion meet.

Norfolk, July, 1849.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

TOKENS OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

THE nursery was darkened,
Though soft the sunlight fell,
And there were trifles gathered
That mothers love so well;
Playthings upon the carpet,
And dainty little shoes,
With snow-white caps and dresses,
That seemed too fair to use.

A lady stood beside them,
And yet no look of joy
Shone from the eyes, bent downward,
To guide her sweet employ;
She gathered up the laces,
But tears were trembling there,
And they had dimmed the brightness
Of robes once purely fair.

The half-worn shoes she presses
Close in convulsive grasp,
The rich-wrought coral trembles
Within as wild a clasp.

Well may the room be darkened,
Well may the lady weep—
The little couch is empty,
The child wakes not from sleep.

And soon these graceful tokens
Her hand must lay aside,
While each recalls some memory
Of love, and hope, and pride.
For fair had been the flower
That faded in the Spring,
And fondly to her darlings,
A mother's heart will cling.

Faintly as some soft echo,
That low caressing note,
So oft her child's glad welcome,
Around her seemed to float.
Ah, no! the dreary silence
With keener pang was felt,
And by the couch deserted
In agony she knelt.

Peace comes to thee, young mother,
Peace to thy bursting heart,
Now even while its throbbings
Seem rending it apart.
'Tis true Death's kiss fell coldly
Upon thy child's fair brow,
But o'er thy pathway daily,
An angel watches now!

From the Knickerbocker.

FORBEARANCE: AN ILLUSTRATION.

THERE are pleasant spots where no sunbeams glow,
There are fertile vales where no rivers flow,
There are flowers that bloom where no south winds come,
And the air is stirred with the drowsy hum
Of bees, where the place seems not to be
A fitting haunt for such melody;
And we wonder much that things should be so,
Till, searching above, and searching below,
We the hidden secret of Nature know.

There are cheerful homes, where the light of day
Steals in with a faintly glimmering ray;
Where the labor is hard, and coarse the bread,
And but scanty rest for the weary head;
Where childhood is nursed by Hunger gaunt,
And clasped in the cold embrace of Want;
And we wonder much until we find
That a faith which never looks behind
Gives feet to the lame and eyes to the blind.

There are yearning hearts that wander on
Through life, as if seeking a light that is gone;
Though no outward cause of grief appear,
Yet no friendly hand may stay the tear,
Which only in silent sadness reveals
All that the desolate spirit feels;
These love not darkness, they seek for light:
But what to other eyes seems most bright,
To them brings naught but despair and blight.

There are gentle natures that strangely turn,
From the hearts where Love doth warmly burn,
Who hearken not to Flattery's voice,
Who care not for wealth, but make their choice
To dwell alone, that so they may hear
The Muse's sweet voice forever near;
And amid the treasures of the mind
A solace and support they find,
Than friendship far more true, more kind.

This is Nature's grand primeval law,
That from many sources the soul shall draw
Happiness, profit, strength and content,
As from every changing element
The leafy tree and the springing flower,
Derive new beauty and added power;
Then blame not thy mates that they do not see
Each feature of truth which charmeth thee,
But abide in thine own sincerity.

HUDSON
BOTANIC MEDICAL DEPOT,

A few doors above the Store of H. P. Skinner & Son and directly opposite A. C. Macy's.

THE Subscriber having been for a number of years engaged in connection with his Father, one of the oldest Botanic Physicians in Massachusetts, and having obtained a thorough knowledge of the business, of which he can show satisfactory credentials, wishes to inform the inhabitants of this city and vicinity, that he has opened an Office for the sale of Botanic Medicines of all kinds, prepared and put up by himself and warranted of the best quality, consisting of the following:

The Purifying or Alternative and Anti-Mercurial Syrups; Dysentery and Cholera, Bowel Complaint, Children's, and the Mother's Relief or Female Cordials; German Anti-Bilious and Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir; Asthmatic or Anti-Spasmic and Tonic Tinctures; Diuretic and Aromatic Compounds; Restorative, Tonic and Compound Bitters; Carminative, Anthelmintic, Diuretic, Sudorific, Toothache and Hot Drops; Pulmonary and Cough Balsams; Anti-Spasmic, Expectorant and German Cough Drops; Nerve and Rheumatic Liniments; Healing and Yellow Salves; Vegetable, Green and Discutient Ointments; Strengthening, Adhesive and Irritating Plasters; Compound Ulmus Poultice; Composition, Emetic and Cough Powders; Anti-Bilious, Anti-Dyspeptic, Hepatic and Female Pills; Wintergreen, Anis, Lemon, Cloves, Cinnamon, Peppermint and Henstock Essences; Spirits of Camphor, Castor Oil and all kinds of Botanic Medicines by the ounce or pound.

Advice at the Office gratis—the sick visited as usual when requested.

DOCT. W. GOODRICH.

Hudson, June 20th, 1849.

New Volume, September, 1848.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 25, Commencing Sept. 30, 1848.

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